CADMUS,

I know not; I can help thee not*

AGAVE.

Farewell, O home, O ancient tower
I
Lo, I am outcast from my bower,
And leave ye for a worser lot.

CADMUS,

Go forth, go forth to misery,
The way Actaeon's father
went I

AGAVE.

Father, for thee my tears are
spent,

CADMUS.

Nay, Child, 'tis I must weep for
thee;

For thee and for thy sisters twain !

AGAVE.

On all this house, in bitter
wise,
Our Lord and Master, Dionyse,
Hath poured the utter dregs of
pain 1

DIONYSUS.

In bitter wise, for bitter was the
shame
Ye did me, when Thebes honoured not
my name,

AGAVE,

Then lead me where my sisters
be;
Together let our tears be
shed,
Our ways be wandered ;
where no red
Kithaeron waits to gaze on me $